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Four Minute Essays

By

Dr. Frank Crane

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Volume VIII

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LIFE AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

LIFE has been called all sorts of things. Life is a dream, a gambling game, an opportunity from which to get all the fun and the least pain possible, a probation preparatory to the next life, a vale of tears, and so on.

Suppose we consider life as a business proposition. Look at it from a practical, profit-and-loss, shrewd, and commonsense viewpoint.

Very well. First, what can we get out of it? Only wages. There are no endowed and privileged ones, all are day laborers; for every one, when the work's over, must leave all he has gained and go back to that

nothingness from which he came, as stark naked and poor as when he arrived. All the billionaire gets out of life is exactly what the bricklayer gets, his board and clothes and amusements.

What is the wage of life? Life's pay is happiness. On life's book happiness is credit and unhappiness debit.

It's happiness we all strive for, of one kind or another, whether beer and cakes or turtled feasts, overalls or dress-suits, pinochle on a cracker-box or stock-gambling on the market, social distinction, wealth display, political success, intellectual achievement—it's all happiness, according to taste.

How is happiness to be secured, how can one be sure to get his pay? By finding out what he really wants. This is not so easy. Most people work a lot for what they think other people think they want.

How can one find that out? By experiment, trying out various activities until he finds the one in which he can most enthusiastically express himself.

Also by ascertaining those forms of pleasure that are frauds and bring on misery. The conclusive argument against drunkenness, licentiousness, and the like, is that they are swindles, gold bricks; they promise joy and pay suffering.

How should one get his pay? Every day. Not at the end of the task. Unless every day brings its satisfaction, you are cheating yourself.

How can one tell what sort of things pay and what sort do not pay? By the collective experience of mankind, and by accepting the guidance of reliable teachers.

What does the cumulative experience of mankind show? That only those acts which

are fundamentally just, fair, honest, and kind are those that invariably pay.

What's the good of morality? Morals rest not upon authority, but are the massed wisdom of the world. The person who is not moral is a fool, which is worse than being a sinner. He is a lamb, a sucker, a greenhorn, fully as much as a country-jake who thinks he can beat the Wall Street experts. Immorality means docking the happiness pay-envelope every day.

Of what practical value are the higher sentiments? If you are helpful, unselfish, courteous, patient, reverent, loyal, just, and benevolent, you get a large bonus daily in your happiness pay.

Are not crafty, selfish, unclean, cruel, and conscienceless people happy? Get right well acquainted with them and see. They are the bunco-steerers, the confidence-men, the

criminal cheats of life. Their books are false. Their happiness profits are worthless paper.

Why work? If it's happiness that is our wage, why not eat, drink, and be merry; why not loaf and play? Because human beings are so constituted that they secure the maximum of satisfactory self-expression only by doing some part of the world's work.

Why study to improve the mind, or to develop one's spiritual capacities? Why not go in for all the fun we can get each day? Because, by increasing our mental and spiritual powers, we get the more permanent, the higher, and rarer forms of happiness—we get gold and not copper.

What we call goodness more than pays every day, it leaves something over, a deposit in the happiness bank, which becomes

a reserve fund from which we draw dividends. The good are the happiness capitalists. The bad are the happiness spendthrifts.

Why not approach this matter of good and bad, conscience or self-indulgence, as a business proposition?

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PRIDE

PRIDE is the stupidest of human perversions.

Self-esteem is essential; but in the wise man it is made beautiful by a sincere humility, while in the fool it is hardened and uglified by ignorance.

Pride has as many forms as the devil. In each it apes some virtue—as does the devil also.

Much that we call patriotism is a diseased national egotism. It is not patriotism that leads men to shoot those of another country; it is vicious self-conceit.

Whoever despises another is an egotist. If we seek to understand those we meet,

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instead of seeking to dominate, regulate, or judge them, we shall love everybody, even criminals.

The first business of a judge, a preacher, a teacher, or a parent is to understand. This cannot be done without humility.

The prime trait of a gentleman is that he does not have a keen sense of his deserts. The man who thinks he deserves the devotion of a good woman, the adoration of children, and the loyalty of friends, ought to be kicked, as R. L. Stevenson said. A real man is surprised constantly and grateful for all proofs of love.

The fanatic is a person wholly drunk with pride of opinion. It is wrong to call him a man of faith, for no one can have faith who is not willing to hear the other side.

The cheapest form of virtue is that which loves to talk of itself. It is also suspicious.

One who is always prating of purity may well be suspected of inwardly leaning a bit toward uncleanness. The bully is a coward at heart.

It is hard to be envied and criticized, but it is worse to be universally praised. Few men can stand praise without becoming vain and self-centered.

A real man gives himself out to be just what he is. A proud man is a liar, for he wants to be esteemed for more than he is.

Pride is the one thing, more than all others, that offends people. Nobody sympathizes with a proud man. Everybody instinctively wants to take him down a peg. He is ridiculous. Everybody laughs when he stubs his toe.

Pessimism is a form of pride. It is usually held by persons of disordered lives. Pessimism is the religion of the underworld.

It is always, in whoever manifests it, a symptom of spiritual dirt.

The proverb says that pride goeth before a fall. That is because pride is stupid, it is an offensive form of mania, the man who has it is approaching a downfall.

When we become conscious of a fault and are filled with humility, that fault is not noticeable to others; but faults leap in the eyes of our friends when our own pride refuses to see them.

Humble, inconspicuous people, those who are in no way celebrities, are usually much pleasanter companions than the famous, because they take criticism kindly and strive to amend.

The notion that assurance and push and forwardness get most out of life is erroneous. Nothing accomplishes more in the long run than genuine modesty.

WHAT IS A SOUL?

"REFERRING to what you said some time ago about the soul," writes a correspondent, "I would respectfully ask: What is the soul? Where is it located? How do you know you have a soul? To say that the soul is the immortal part is dodging the question. Is there any real proof that there is anything except material substance, or body, to a human being?"

To the inquiry, "What is the soul?" we must honestly say, "I don't know."

It should be added, however, that because we do not know what a thing is constitutes no reason why we should not talk about it and use it.

As a matter of fact, the most usable, practical things in the world are things whose essence and real nature we understand least.

Take electricity, for instance, one of the most serviceable forces extant; it pulls our trolley-cars and railway-trains, gives us light and heat, communicates thought signs, heals diseases, and does all manner of every-day work for us; we know how to generate it, how to turn it on and off, what substances will conduct it; we can measure its power; we can do almost as much with it as we can with wood or iron; and yet nobody in all the world knows what it is.

Nobody knows what gravitation is, though it grips all creation; nor chemical affinity, though it pertains to every molecule of matter; nor love, though it is the biggest factor in life.

When we use the word soul it is really by

way of expressing our conception of what a human being is. If he is merely a lump of highly organized and sensitized matter, if his motives and acts can be determined by the same sort of reactions that take place in the chemist's retorts and test-tubes, then he is only a body. But if he is a mysterious, inexplicable phenomenon, wholly different from all other creatures on earth, because he thinks and has notions of right and wrong, then he is more than another kind of animal, he is more than a perfected anthropoid ape, he is—we do not know what, and we call him a soul to express that "added something."

To use the term soul therefore implies that we conceive of man as a creature who functions in ways that cannot possibly be explained by chemistry, or by any laws that operate in stones, trees, or animals.

We do not know that man is immortal; we believe it, but it is essentially unknowable. Immortality, therefore, cannot be proved in the way that such knowable things as mathematics can be proved, but it can be believed.

And the best, the most valuable, the most indispensable things in life are not the things we know, as that two and two make four, but the things we believe, as that your wife loves you, your friends are loyal to you, or that doing right is better than doing wrong.

It is this belief of the dignity, worth, and importance of human life that redeems the world from baseness and gross animalism.

Metaphysicians have quarrelled for centuries over what "reality" is and what "truth" is. One of the cleverest tests of truth is that given by those called "pragma-

tists," of whom the late William James was the leading exponent. They say that the best test of truth is, "Will it work?" And judged by this test surely no idea could be more truthful than the soul idea, for none exercises a more practically useful influence upon individual and communal life.

THE MOSQUITO

WHY mosquitoes? We have pondered deeply over the strange things of this existence. We have wondered at cyclones and volcanoes, earthquakes and wars, diseases and poison snakes, but the most amazing phenomenon, in a world supposed to be good in the main, is the mosquito.

Because the poison he injects is for no reason conceivable. It seems to be just pure cussedness.

The rattlesnake strikes to defend himself. The skunk will not distribute his perfumery unless he is in danger. The lion kills for food. Hunger, and not malice, governs the predatory eagle. Even man, the most relent-

less and successful of brutes, kills cattle for provender and to get leather for his shoes, and shoots grouse ostensibly to adorn his table.

The tornado may be the only way of restoring the equilibrium of the air, and the volcanic eruption may be due to some sort of terrestrial indigestion.

But the mosquito! If it's blood he needs to keep him going we cannot blame him. One way or another all creatures live upon their fellows.

But he doesn't need to poison to get his meal. The poisoning is wholly unnecessary and superfluous.

Besides ungrateful. After filling his maw with my life-fluid he gives me a hypodermic of malaria, as if one would slap my face and say, "Good-by! God bless you!"

Perhaps he doesn't like me. That, too,

is his privilege. I don't like him for that matter. But we might well address him in the classic lines:

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

Alas! the moral purpose of the mosquito seems to be to reveal to mankind the fact that the earth is not perfect, nature is not moral, and that heaven is our home.

In other words, we must recognize in life, as in nature, the presence of the purely malicious.

We hate to acknowledge it, it is a bitter pill for the optimist, it is a shattering of our faith in human nature, but it appears to be the unavoidable truth that there are some folks who are just "plain mean."

We see it in children. Even the most angelic of them at times seem to take plea-

sure in causing pain. Most of them happily get over this. Some don't.

I have known men, I regret to say, who take real pleasure in tormenting their wives.

I have known creatures so full of petty spite they would go out of their way to do some one an evil turn.

There are thugs who beat men for the pleasure of the exercise.

There are teamsters who lash horses until the dumb brutes tremble with agony.

Why dispute as to whether there is a personal devil? Why quarrel about names? There is a somebody or a somewhat that gets into men and women and dehumanizes them, makes them like to hurt people. Call it the devil, call it *x*—it's there just the same.

So I suppose the mosquito is Nature's antidote for too much optimism.

GOOD TASTE AND GOOD JUDGMENT

THE two hardest things in the world to define are about the two most noticeable things about superior people.

There are superior people. For all our talk about democracy, and all our railings at privilege, must not be taken to mean that democracy has not its heaven-born ones, its elect, its salient aristocracy.

In every woman group there is one who out-womans them all. In every man meeting there is a natural leader.

We do not laugh at lords and nobles, kings and kaisers and czars because there are no such things in reality, but because the specimens which our laws and customs pro-

duce are such pitiful imitations of the real Excellencies.

The hero, the endowed one, the gifted one, the hundredth man, the genius, the real kingly person, is a stubborn fact. Shake any number of human beings up together and such a one will come to the top.

And we value democracy because it gives the genuine superior soul a chance, while heredities crown the scullion-souled and debar the born princes from their rightful preeminence.

Now, what I began to say is, that two rare qualities mark the superior mind. They are good taste and good judgment.

The whole purpose of experience is to form good judgment, yet experience cannot of itself compass this end, for the capacity for it must be inborn.

We go to school, we amass knowledge, we

travel, converse, transact affairs, study, practise, and labor, all to bring to bloom, if possible, this rare flower, Good Judgment.

And as for good taste, it is the end and aim of the discipline of gentle society, and of all culture and so-called "breeding."

It is the most widespread error and egotism in the world, the persuasion that most people have, that their taste is good. As a matter of fact it is pretty uniformly bad.

Not one man in a hundred knows a good book, a good picture, a good building, a good speech, a good deed, or a good man. We are constantly asking other people's opinions on these things. That is why we read book reviews, read "best sellers," stand in awe at the pictures marked with an asterisk in the catalogue, follow the mob to hear the celebrated singer or that much talked of actor or such and such a famous preacher, praise

this man for doing the cheapest kind of a deed, and pass that man by simply because we cannot recognize the outstanding quality of his greatness.

Helpless humanity, poverty-stricken in both taste and judgment, grasps at any straw that will show it which way to think.

When you find that superior man of good taste and good judgment, you will note of him these marks: (1) He is honest, and will say no second-hand thing he does not think; (2) He is independent, and will follow no authority, however venerable, unless it compel his reason; (3) He is teachable, and gladly listens to whomsoever will instruct him; (4) He is omnivorous, and takes up any one's opinion that appeals to him; and (5) He is of disposing mind, and all judgments and opinions in him fall into crystal order, become an organic coherence, are

full of light and clearness, and give him the prime quality of natural kings-poise.

Wisely has it been written: "That exquisite flower of sentiment we call good taste, and that harmony of intellect we call good judgment, lie not within the grasp of power or riches."

THE UNIVERSAL BLUNDER

"THE universal blunder of this world," said Phillips Brooks, "is in thinking that there are certain persons put into the world to govern and certain others to obey.

"Everybody is in this world to govern and everybody to obey. There are no benefactors and no beneficiaries in distinct classes. Every man is at once both benefactor and beneficiary. Every good deed you do you ought to thank your fellow-man for giving you an opportunity to do it; and they ought to be thankful to you for doing it."

That is a mighty good sentiment to set down on your tablets. It may gain you a

deal of happiness if you will believe it. It may even save your soul.

Certain people work for me and I pay them wages. But the maid who sweeps my room is no more my servant than I am hers. Because I give her money and she gives me work does not make me her superior.

It is the ancient delusion of the centuries that labor in some ways lowers a man. The real fact is that it ennobles him.

For instance, Mr. Wilson is considered by the American people, and I am sure he considers himself, as their servant. He has no mortgage on his job. He holds it by no divine right. He cannot pass it on to a successor of his own blood or choice. When we don't like what he does we criticize him. There are certain partisans that yelp at him every turn he makes, like a pack of yapping pups. We do not suppress them. It is the

constitutional privilege of vulgar people to scold their servants.

And yet he is the chief man of the greatest nation in the world. In former days he would have shouted, "Off with his head!" when any one crossed him, and would have worn a crown, also a robe with a tail ten feet long. It is the spirit of service that makes him the decent, conscientious, hard-working man he is.

The curse of wealth is that it destroys this spirit of service. The man who does nothing because he has enough to live on comfortably is no better than the man who does nothing because he can beg or smoke his pipe on the bench by the poorhouse door. Both are leeches. They are not serving. They are being served.

When you lose sight of the duty of serving, you invite at once spiritual mi-

crobes of the most destructive character to come and breed in you.

There is a luxury in being waited on. But that feeling induces pride, meanness, selfishness, the undisciplined will, the unruled passions, and the whole rakehelly crew of traits that cause excess, perversion, indolence, selfishness, boredness, and pessimism.

There is a luxury, too, in serving. It is a real pleasure when it becomes a habit. It brings on the genuine happiness-makers, which are humility, unselfishness, sanity, health, optimism, cheer, and a wholesome interest in life.

The greatest of men said of himself: "The Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve."

THE COMING OF DEMOCRACY

THERE is but one lesson for the world to learn—democracy.

The only cure for the shortcomings of democracy is more democracy.

All the seeming efficiency of autocracy is a setback to progress.

The failures of democracy have in themselves more of the seed of evolution than the successes of absolutism.

Democracy is the ferment of the world. It shall not cease until the whole be leavened.

Democracy demands general intelligence, the education of all children, the manhood of the least and poorest citizen, the en-

franchisement of all women; autocracy's strength rests upon the serf, the moujik, the ignorant rabble; tyranny is made possible by servile unintelligence.

The citizen does not exist for the state; the state exists for the citizen.

The problems of modern life are but phases of the one problem of the spread of democracy.

That is what all the welter of business means, the struggle of government with trusts, the clamor of labor unions, the unending strife that accompanies production. At bottom it signifies the people coming into their own; it indicates the sure march of justice unto "the least of these my brethren."

The line wavers. Violence, wrong, egotism, stubbornness, greed, have their way here and there. But slowly democracy advances, as in a battle of the trenches.

Democracy moves forward with the slowness of the tide, with the imperceptibility of the precession of the equinoxes, but it does move.

The sure-footedness of democracy, the inevitability of its going forward, is what we mean when we say—God.

Democracy is permeating. We are getting it in the schoolroom; the wisest teachers are not rulers, they are guiding their pupils in self-government.

In one of our state prisons we are witnessing the most shattering experiment of our day—prisoners governing themselves better than armed guards ever governed them.

We are in the beginning of a stupendous world-revolution. Mankind is coming of age.

What royal family or what president is at

the head of the government is of less import every decade.

As the people come to manhood stature, the ruler sinks into the servant, to be dismissed at will.

As the people come into self-consciousness, wars shall become absurd, for no people hates another people. War means lack of self-government; it is the stupidity of absolutism.

When democracy shall arrive it will sail no battleships, drill no armies, build no forts.

East and West shall no longer plot as rivals, but plan as partners.

Come, democracy, breath of the living God, advancing feet of the multitude learning to keep step, rising sun of intelligence. clean west wind of liberty, justice, and humanity, blowing away all noxious vapors

from stagnant pools of ancient fraud, day of hope, scattering the long night of despair!

"For men to men shall brothers be
For a' that and a' that."

THE ART OF LIVING

WHAT is needed in the world is some sort of school or asylum or institution or correspondence course to teach people how to live.

More than anything else they need to know that. Yet states and school systems are telling them everything but that.

Single tax is grand and socialism is alluring, women's rights are needed, dress reform and simplified spelling, food-chewing, prohibition, and criminal laws are all right in their way; but still the "one thing needful" is to know how to live.

That is what's the matter with all of us who go wrong.

Only one kind of education is of first account for a bad boy; it is the kind that educates him to live. Geography and manual training will not cure him of his cussedness, nor will common fractions and United States history help him to be clean, brave, and kind.

When a man commits a crime it is simply because he doesn't understand how to live. Why lock him up in a prison where he is forced down lower in degradation? Why not have a "how-to-live" school, and send him there? And, indeed, why not send him to such a school in the first place, so that he will not become a criminal?

We even arrest a person for attempting to commit suicide, and lead him to jail, when all the trouble with him is that he doesn't know how to live, else he would not have wanted to quit.

Think of all the restless, worried, morbid, unhappy, complaining creatures who simply need a few primary lessons in the art of living.

They think they want money, or notoriety, or to travel, or to get divorced, or to change their circumstances; but these things are not what they need; they need to know how to live.

And nobody tells them. Churches don't tell them, schools don't tell them, doctors don't tell them, judges and prison-keepers don't tell them.

Millions blunder along and make a mess of life because they have studied anything else under the sun except living.

Most people have philosophies of life, ideas on the subject of happiness and dreams of success that are cheap, absurd, and idiotic.

I have met millionaires, successful business men, learned professors, gifted artists, and able preachers who have not the slightest notion of how to be happy.

Humility is the only door by which wisdom and greatness and peace can enter, and it is usually barred and bolted by pride and egotism.

In this book I shall try to give some suggestions on How to Live.

I shall keep very close to the ground, and not wander into the woods of argument, nor get lost in the clouds of speculation.

THE NEIGHBOR

THERE are few things so conducive to happiness as a good neighbor.

A neighbor is a nigh-boor, one whose only claim upon you is living near.

We have one, whom I will describe.

She lives near. We never knew her until we moved into our present quarters.

There are other families about whom we do not know, probably will never know. It may be their fault, perhaps ours, probably both.

But this neighbor captured us at once. I forget how. It seems we had always known her.

We have no common ground to speak of

except that she is human to the backbone and from head to foot.

It takes more skill to be a neighbor than to be a friend or a relative.

Friends you make for yourself; neighbors are the gifts of God. To acquire a real neighbor shows that you have some knowledge of how to adjust yourself to the inevitable. It is a compliment to you to say that you have made a pleasant acquaintance of an enforced intimacy.

How do you get along with your fellow-passengers on a two weeks' ocean voyage? What would you do cast away on an island with a dozen strangers? Are you gifted in discovering the link of common humanity?

Our neighbor knows the fine line between intimacy and intrusion. She seems never to call when we don't want her. She has a rare instinct that nicely judges just when to

approach us. She knows how to receive. It is a joy to give her things. She can take them with just the right expression of appreciation, not so much as to be over-sweet, not so little as to leave a bad taste.

She knows how to give. It is done with supreme tact. When we had sickness she sent to us the most wonderful soup, not plain soup in a bowl, but soup all benapkinned and with flowers by it, and a little note. It was not a soup, it was a sacrament of neighborliness.

She borrows and brings back. She lends just in the right spirit. We have never made formal calls. We have no convention equations to maintain. We don't know who her friends are. She doesn't know ours. She never inquires into our family affairs nor tells her own. She is not a friend; she is a neighbor, which is rarer.

When I have nothing else to do I go over and talk with her. She respects my little egotisms, obstinacies, and crazy conceits, regarding them not as a friend anxious for my welfare, not as a relative concerned about my soul's salvation or my salary, but as an amused and interested bystander; in a word, she has the neighborly mind.

When there was crape on our door she broke through her reserve and spent much time at our house. But she was unobtrusiveness itself. She helped everywhere. She aided the girl in the kitchen, she looked after matters of hats and dresses, she swept, she went upon errands, and at precisely the right moments she talked to us. Nothing was too menial nor too delicate for her to undertake, as one human spirit for another.

Her habits of life and those of her family are not ours. They do not go to bed when

we do, nor get up at our time. They do not play our kind of games, nor work at our kind of work. But she never criticizes us, nor even appears to wonder. And she never gives us an opening to criticize her.

She understands the high art of minding her own business.

She is not beautiful, she is charming. She is not pretty, she is lovely. She is not young-bodied, but her mind is smitten with incurable youth.

She is neighbor. She stands by. She is human, and if you dig deep enough into the human you will find the divine.

THE PRAYER OF THE OUTSIDE SHEEP

LORD, let me have the courage to ask Thee for the things I want. Deliver me from the clamping fear that makes men continually pay for things they only think they ought to want.

Let every pagan lust for light and heat rise from my soul to Thee unashamed.

I want more money, more beauty, more brains, more personal dynamic, more spiritual vigor. From the whole ocean of my soul and body this craving for power goes up like an exhalation.

I want women to smile on me and give evidence that they are drawn to me.

I want men to be glad because of me,

their faces to light up when I appear. I want to be noticed, deferred to, praised.

I want good luck, that the falling tree misses me, the stray shot passes me by, the accident leaves me unscarred.

I want pleasant surprises, and no disappointments; health, and no sickness; pleasures and no pain.

I want my soul and my body to be friendly, one with the other, and that these alternating fevers and chills of conscience cease. I want poise, and no more inner moral war.

I want some sort of philosophy of life that is adjusted to the facts of life.

I want to believe things that are so, and not to be forever screwing myself up into faith.

I want to live up to all my opportunities of personal expression. I want the right to my own life. I want the pleasure of giving

forth my own opinions, and of following my own tastes.

Deliver me from this world and all its conventional dominancies.

Let me be obscure enough to wear the clothes I please, talk as I please, and kiss the woman I please.

Save me from the galling chains of prominence.

Save me from the mud of success.

Save me from any reputation I may have to live up to.

Give me this day an honest doubt, a vigorous, distinctive doubt, to cure the flabbiness of my faith; a procreative, genetic doubt.

Give me this day some intoxication, not of drug or drink, but some sight or sound or upsurging idea that shall make me a little crazy.

Sharpen my instincts, sharpen my passions, sharpen my will, sharpen my reason; deliver me from bluntness and rust.

Take away all my religion that is not the high passion of a fearless spirit; make me ashamed of any goodness that is moral timidity.

I want my privilege of vagabondage. I want leisure, hours of utter idleness, wherein my soul can sun itself, and be free of purpose, and grow.

Raise the significance of mere existence. Save me from yesterdays and tomorrows.

Deliver me from ghosts. Strike the hand of the dead past off my shoulders. Let me be freed from ghosts of dead ideas, dead organizations, dead enthusiasms, dead faiths.

Save me from the torment of dullness, commonplaceness, boredom, which are inward mind diseases and not outward cases.

Let me preserve the spirit of adventure, of the wildness of the world, of the knightliness of the soul in a wide, unknown universe. Do not let the child spirit die in me.

With Walt Whitman I pray:

"O for something pernicious, and dread!
Something far away from a puny and pious life,
Something unproved, something in a trance,
Something escaped from the anchorage and driving free."

This prayer I make, not as one of the elect, but as one of those the Shepherd mentioned, saying that He had "other sheep, not of this fold."

THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

BACK of every man is the boy that made him; back of every woman is the girl she was.

The most important people in the world are the boys and girls in their teens.

It is they who settle all the great questions of life. What are the great questions? They are not the tariff, money matters, the election of mayors and presidents. These are superficial issues. The great matters are: What calling are you going to follow? What woman are you going to marry? What are you going to do with your ideals? What will you do with the sex instinct? What will be your philosophy of life—will you be

sensual, material, egoistic or altruistic, and a lover of right and beauty? All of these subjects are disposed of by the children under twenty.

Did you ever think upon the curious fact that the happiness of this world is in the hands of the boys and girls?

It is the boy that selects the trade or profession the man has to follow. It is the girl who chooses the husband the woman has to put up with all her life.

It is the child that, as a rule, determines the religion the adult must adhere to until death or be called an infidel.

If a man of forty secedes from the political party the boy of twenty picked out for him, he is considered a turncoat.

When we remember that the most weighty, important, and fateful issues are in the control of the children, it is amusing

to see the airs grown people give themselves, when in but a few years they will be shelved, sitting around clubs "reminiscing," smoking in the chimney-corner, basking in the sun at the Old People's Home, or getting up at 4:30 to do nothing at all.

About all a man does after twenty-one is to try to realize a little of what he conceived before that age.

All of Cæsar's conquests, Webster's eloquence, Gladstone's statecraft, and Thorwaldsen's art was but the outcropping of what they each had seen in the vision of youth.

A grown man never has a "great idea" that cannot be traced back to youth.

And we treat young people as though they were negligible, they and all they say and do and feel. We look on the age between ten and twenty as a sort of interlude to life.

Their babyhood was ours, their manhood is their own, their teenhood is nothing.

But what happens to a boy, and inside a boy, about the age of the coming of sex-consciousness is of more importance than anything that may happen before or after.

There is no need to draw wrong conclusions from this, to lock your child up and feed him with a spoon, and try to keep him out of harm by tyranny, but there is need to remember that it is when in their teens that boys and girls need more love, more companionship, more sympathy, and more attention than they ever needed before or will need again.

Youth holds that inestimable treasure the rest of us have lost, that one priceless, intoxicating treasure—the future.

FOOL'S GOLD

UPON the marriage question one of the best things I ever heard is a story that was told me by Chancellor Simms of the Syracuse University.

A man came into an assayer's office in a town Out West and said:

"I'd like to see the assayer."

"I'm it."

"Well, could I see you alone, private?"

"Sure, step back into this room."

They went into a rear apartment. The stranger shut the door, produced a package from his coat-pocket, undid it, and disclosed a lump of yellowish-looking ore.

"There!" he exclaimed, in an excited

whisper. "What do you think of that? What's that stuff?"

The assayer picked up the ore, examined it, and replied, "That's pyrites of iron."

"What?"

"Pyrites of iron."

"And what's that?"

"It's a mineral substance that resembles gold a bit. It has been called 'fool's gold' on that account."

The visitor seemed so utterly crestfallen that even the metallic heart of the assayer was moved to pity, and he said:

"Well, friend, I wouldn't feel so bad about it. You're no worse off than you were before you found the stuff, are you?"

"Ain't I?" replied the man. "Why, Lord! man, I married a widow up on Horse Creek with a whole hillful of that stuff!"

Which points the moral that wildcat

schemes and bunco games and salted mines and crooked promotion are not confined to investments of money. Many of the investments of life and happiness are proposed with equal crookedness.

A boy is led to invest his life's joy in a dimple, a pretty mouth, and a pair of saucy eyes, only to find that where the brains ought to be, there is a large hole, also that the heart is floating loose, without rudder or anchor.

A girl is caught by a natty suit of clothes, a lovely mustache, beautiful clean cuffs, and a jaunty air. When she comes to realize on her proposition she discovers she has got a plain brute, or a helpless ne'er-do-well, or a petty tyrant.

We have laws for the state inspection of stocks and bonds. As old Bill Jones of Kansas would say: "And why shouldn't we have

laws against bunk marriage goods? Why shouldn't a girl that hoodoos a fellow into thinkin' she's real wife timber, when she ain't nothin' but punk wood, be jerked up and fined? And why shouldn't a man that cons a trustin' female into thinkin' he's a real man, when he ain't nothin' but a plain mutt, be socked into jail?"

A KIND WORD FOR THE CAPITALIST

IT seems to be the style nowadays to curse capital. Senator Root, addressing a group of banqueting capitalists (the 144th anniversary banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of New York), said:

"There are hundreds of thousands of people who think you are a den of thieves, and that the manufacturers of a country are no better than a set of confidence men. The men who understand the finances of the country, the bankers, and the merchants engaged in great operations, are under suspicion."

Let us say a few kind words for the poor capitalist. Poor, because absence of his

fellow-men's esteem, love, and confidence can make a man poor as well as absence of money.

First, it is hard for us to be just to the moneyed man, because his flesh is pink, his stomach is full, and his pajamas are of pale silk. We have still the fool notion that no man can be a prophet or a benefactor to the race unless he is half-starved and improvident; we have been trained for some five thousand years in this belief.

But can we not see that, just as it is not the poor man's fault but it is society's fault that he is poor, so it is society's fault—the fault of vast economic laws over which no one man has control—that the rich man is overrich? Mr. J. P. Morgan is as much the victim of circumstances as is the tramp who sleeps sitting on a Bryant Park bench with a newspaper over his knees.

I hesitate to say it, but Mr. Morgan is of more use to the world than the tramp is.

Capital has done quite as much for this country as labor. Labor has pioneered, felled forests, removed Indians, and peopled deserts, but it would have taken America five hundred years to attain the prosperity it now has if capital had not stepped in and built railroads.

The bankers, even if they do live in fine houses with stone dogs in the yard and fare so sumptuously that they usually have indigestion, have done quite as much for the body politic as the steamfitters and plasterers.

Suppose, even, that you are a Socialist or a Bellamyite, or some other sort of futurist. What is the gist of all the modern dreams of ultimate democracy? It is that by and by the People shall own and administer their

own business, shall one day do their own pork-packing and milk-delivery, just as now they manage the post-office and the public school.

To bring this Utopia to pass there are some who write, speechify, and agitate; there are Henry Georges, Charles Edward Russells, and the like. To them, full credit.

But there is another class who are probably doing more to democratize wealth than these. I mean that class which is rapidly concentrating the business of the country into huge units—that is, the trust-makers.

The greatest clog to eventual democracy in business is the silly partisan government, intent upon "dissolving" the trusts. The true Democrat does not want them dissolved; he wants them increased.

The immense rapidity of growth in business in the United States has been due to

the free operation of the law of co-operation, which is better than competition for producing wealth a thousand to one. For our world position we are not indebted to our laborers so much as to our capitalists.

Of course, they have paid themselves well during the process; they have automobiles and two suits of Sunday clothes; but that makes little matter. A man can only eat about so much, drink so much, smoke so much, and live so long. I speak from thorough knowledge: a working man can get as much fun out of life as a man who has a hundred times more money than he needs.

Really, it is the capitalist who is the official of destiny. Every man with a million dollars ceases to be a private citizen, despite himself. A tremendous load of civic responsibility is on him, from which he cannot escape. And, to do them justice, the overlords

of America have done more for the welfare of the common people than have any other set of overlords in history. Curse them as you may, would you swap your trust-makers and money-rulers for the hereditary noodles or the titled cock-sparrows of Europe?

The millionaire manufacturers, the trust-makers, and the controllers of wealth units are the chief enemies of competition. For this let us honor them. For there can be no perfect rule of democracy without co-operation, and no reign of co-operation until we cease competition.

The best things Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller have ever done are the things we upbraid them for—their destruction of competition; the worst things they do, the most injurious to democracy, are the things we praise them for—their charities.

POLITICS AND HUMAN WASTE

O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.

—*Thomas Hood.*

AMERICANS have made a record in the organization of all products except human lives. We save all of the hog "except the squeal"; out of the waste of coal-tar we make dyes, perfumes, and medicines; we know how to handle low-grade ore at a profit, but we let the children grow up wild as weeds a good part of every day and of every year; we still allow a system that forces anemic mothers to work long hours in

insanitary tenements—a system that still, in spite of all labor agitation, crushes many a worker down to beast level, giving him little time for his family, less for self-improvement, and none for intelligent citizenship.

We are thus guilty not because we lack heart, but because we lack skill in organization. Almost any one of us would shrink from doing wrong to his fellow-man; but as a state, as a corporation, or as a company, we are unjust and cruel.

The reason of this is that all our organizing is for profit, for money; the department-store, the factory, the railway company, and the steel trust are models of efficiency. On the other hand, our organizations to save human waste are the pathetically insufficient charitable societies and the bellicose partisan bodies of working men.

It is not through charitable organizations

that we will solve the problem, because it is not charity we seek, but justice.

It is not through class organizations of laborers, because we are not interested in the triumph of one class over another, but in the advancement of the whole people.

In the organization of the people, for the people, and by the people we have signally failed.

Our party system, which seems the best we can find, results in turning the people organization in cities over to a compact, selfish, and corrupt band of bosses; in the country at large, political parties pelt each other with platitudes.

In religion, almost all our organization is still upon medieval lines. An intelligent, concerted action to bring churches into those places where they are most needed, where the mass of the people are, is not undertaken.

Each sect schemes for itself, follows the to-do into the suburbs, and sends a pitifully few "missionaries" into the slums.

The time has come to get together as people, not as a class, not as a profit-seeking group, but as human beings.

A democracy cannot exist without organization. It is not freedom that gives us our rights, it is co-operation. It is the intelligent team-play of the free human units.

The only way the right kind of organization can be brought about is through politics.

We sneer at politicians. We look upon them as a class outside of real life. We declare that the whole business is to be suspected.

The reason of this is that we think politics means only office-holding, a struggle for personal preferment, the getting of jobs. It is not. It means the organization of the

whole people to secure justice and order in all that concerns their common life.

It means life or death to a democracy.

There are two life-and-death issues before the democracy—education and organization. A speech of one of our revolutionary fathers, which we learned at school, contained the passage:

"We must educate, we must educate, or we must perish by our own prosperity."

With equal truth it might be exclaimed: "We must organize, we must organize, or we must perish by our own prosperity."

We train boys at vast expense in colleges; when graduated they enter some profession or go into business. Few or none consecrate themselves to that business where the trained brain is most needed—politics.

The cream of our mankind goes in for individual preferment. The making of the

city and the state we leave to the wolves and foxes trained in saloons and ward halls.

The only way to save the human waste of a city is to organize the city as thoroughly as Armour's packing-house or the Standard Oil Company is organized.

Politics is not a scheme. It is a religion.

The churches have been raising millions through their "laymen's missionary movement." But it is more important to organize the City of New York so as to bring equity, decent conditions of life, the living wage, and thorough training to the children, to the last and least of the citizens, than it is to spread the gospel to Manchuria.

It is corrupt politics—that is, imperfect organization of the people—that makes human waste.

The shame of our civilization is that, though we can organize as Methodists, or

working men, or Masons, or Sons of the Revolution, or as a pickle company, or as Democrats and Republicans, we shun organization as a People.

Organization by class is highly respectable; organization by the people is vulgar.

That is why children are wronged, womanhood starved into dishonor, wage-earners are oppressed, and while God is in conventicles the devil rules the city streets.

THE CRIMINAL CLASS

THE criminal class is just as much of a humbug, as artificially produced, unnecessary, and maintained in ignorance, as the high-born class of Europe, the hierarchy of ancient Egypt, or the castes of India.

Any class, any exclusive group, is an enemy to democracy, whether the elect be saints or sinners.

The criminal class exists simply because society creates and maintains it.

When a man commits a crime, such as stealing, forgery, or assault, he is not necessarily a professional crook. If he can be helped, made to see the wrongness of his act, and saved the shame of exposure, he may never be guilty of a similar deed again.

But if he is haled to prison, measured, his photograph put in the Rogues' Gallery, and his disgrace trumpeted to the four winds, then society is doing its best to force him to remain a criminal.

Our fundamental mistake is that we assume that people are divided into two fixed classes, good and bad, sheep and goats, and that between the two classes there can be nothing but war and hate. This is a lie, as all class ideas are lies, and as full of poison as any lie.

The truth is that we all have criminal qualities; we all make slips. Most of our goodness is due to the restrictions with which we surround ourselves. If our inmost hearts were known, and if we were judged by our hidden impulses, some of which we gratify and some of which we are afraid to indulge, not a single full-blooded man or

woman would be found at the age of forty whom strict "justice" would not have sentenced to the penitentiary.

We all need forbearance, forgiveness, aid; and those we call criminals need these redeeming forces most of all. If the young man of good family, who breaks the law while on a spree, ought to be treated with leniency in order to save him, how much more does the ex-convict require the same treatment. Yet the latter we hound as if he were a wild beast.

Our whole police system is built on the vicious theory that once a criminal a man must remain a criminal. We drive the weak-willed out like lepers, and handle them as snakes and not as human creatures. At first they may have sought crime of their own free wills; at last we will not allow them to follow any other business.

That a woman is an abandoned creature and that she is wholly bad when she has committed one sin of weakness is a most monstrous lie.

That a man who has robbed or embezzled once is, as a matter of course, of a wholly different moral make-up from the rest of us is a lie.

Call men criminals and you make them so.

Our criminal law, with its prisons and gallows-trees, is the greatest source of crime. It manufactures lawbreakers. It drives men to crime as a livelihood.

Let us have done with the stupid notion that some men are all bad and some are all good. Let us take our stand upon the fact that we are all human.

The brotherhood of the righteous for one another is of no virtue; the only brotherhood that is redemption is the brotherhood

that refuses to acknowledge any wall of class, even a penitentiary wall, and is a "friend of sinners."

There is but one sure way to treat wrong-doers, and that is to treat them as human beings, to help, cure, and strengthen them.

TOWARD ORGANIZATION

WE like to fight, to curse, to hate, and to struggle, not because these things are wicked, but because they are the only sort of sport we understand. We are imperfectly developed, half brute, and claw and bite because we only know enough to work off our energy in that crude way.

We have the vision, but do not know how to realize it. The vision is the perfect organization of the world. That would mean every man doing his part of the world's work and receiving his due pay.

We are coming to this slowly, with distressing cosmic slowness, by infinite experiments, costly failures, vast waste.

The finale of the human drama is a complete, smoothly working organization. This is the millennium.

This is the oak toward which our acorn age is striving.

Yet we are making mighty strides toward co-operation. But it is sporadically, here and there, by individual effort instead of common, unified purpose.

The people need railways, for instance. Railways are impossible without organizing men into large groups. We have not sense enough to do this ourselves; some organizing genius comes along and does know how; he accomplishes what we want; but as he is not our officer or agent, as we opposed him every step of the way, as the only motive available to him was the hope of profits, the result is that instead of the benefits accruing mostly to the people an unduly large part of

them passes into the pockets of the genius. And if we had not let him skim the cream off the enterprise he would not have undertaken it.

So we curse him for a capitalist, a thief, and a robber. He probably is. Only as such did we make it possible for him to work. With no motive but the money motive he naturally gets all out of it he can.

But there is no reason why a man should not build up or manage a railway, or factory, or bank, as high-mindedly as the president administers the affairs of a nation. He could, if he could do it as a public official; as it is, he can only do it as a public enemy.

Petroleum is a general necessity. The people want it and use it. They didn't have foresight and shrewdness enough to build up the petroleum industry. John D. Rockefeller and his co-workers did. So they bene-

fited the public, but they did it to get rich, and now enjoy the envy, adulation, and hatred of the commons. If Mr. Rockefeller could have done this as the governor of Pennsylvania he would have been much happier, and we all much better off. But we are at the present stage of progress too stupid, tradition-bound, and mutton-brained either to develop the coal-oil business ourselves or to recognize and properly honor a Rockefeller to do it for us.

Trusts are merely doing what the people ought to do themselves.

Big Business is merely democracy in business. For the essence of democracy is not competition but co-operation.

The proper profits of any kind of business can never be made until all co-work. Then they are enormous.

The cattlemen ought to have combined and

selected their agent to attend to the meat-packing. They didn't know enough. They were too busy fighting each other. Then came P. D. Armour, who knew. He organized. Millions of undreamed-of profits were straightway visible. But of course Armour had the first whack at them.

THE SOCIALISTS WHO ARE BERATING THE TRUST-MAKERS ARE NOT PUSHING US TOWARD ULTIMATE ORGANIZATION MORE THAN THE TRUST-MAKERS WHO ARE VIEWING THE SOCIALISTS WITH ALARM.

Cursers and cursees both work toward the same end.

"When men smile and agree," says a modern philosopher, "progress weeps."

ELBERT HUBBARD

ONE of the greatest losses to the world in the late carnival of destruction was the murder of Elbert Hubbard.

He was a distinctive American product. Few men have impressed their personality as he has done upon the general public.

He represented what Americans most admire: the force of personality unaided by organization. He belonged to no sect, cult, movement, or institution. There was no push of dead men's hands nor dead men's money behind him. What he did was by his unendowed, naked soul.

When the magazine editors, who after all are about as conventional as college trustees or church vestries, could not "see" his arti-

cles, he published them himself; and the people read them. They "saw" him—a strong, free, and debonair mind.

He was a modern heretic, and heretics are what live nations need. Men are constantly endowing institutions to perpetuate orthodoxy; but it is the heretic that is eternally in demand.

Although a heretic he was human. The trouble with most heretics is that they become as inhuman as the institutions they oppose.

He wrote on a level with the great public. His style was a marvel of simplicity and brightness.

He did not hesitate to use slang, even profanity and risky stories, occasionally. This offended many, but it attracted more.

The majority of people will pardon anything, so it is not commonplace. They would

rather hear a man say "damn" and be interesting than to read ten magazine pages that are poky.

His ideal was success. His "Message to Garcia" is probably the best extant brochure on efficiency.

He was canny. He had that practical sense most heretics lack. His heresy was almost as profitable as Billy Sunday's orthodoxy. He was not ashamed of his prosperity. His philosophy was somewhat Nietzschean. And he was frank about it.

He had many enemies. But he knew that active enemies are one's best advertisers.

Few of us agree with him. That is why he did us all good. He made us think. A writer you always agree with is about as much use as a pipe of tobacco.

He did a deal of good by the courage and cheer of his writings. He was an energetic

optimist. Thousands loved him and were helped by him.

To his critics we might recite William Watson's judgment on Burns:

"Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthly humors that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness
Concerns mankind."

Was Hubbard a great man? Let us see. There's one way of testing it, perhaps the best way. It is this: Who could take his place? There isn't a college president's place nor a United States senator's place, nor a governor's place that could not be filled to-morrow if its occupant were removed. There are ten men waiting for almost every man's job in this country, and most any of them could fill it, at least fairly well.

But does anybody know of a man in all

the world that can occupy the vacant chair in East Aurora?

Therefore I say Elbert Hubbard was the man America could least spare.

The Germans couldn't have hurt us worse. We have no cathedrals over here, such as Rheims or Milan or Notre Dame de Paris. We have great personalities, such as Theodore Roosevelt, Jane Addams, and Elbert Hubbard. Let the bandits kill them, if they would strike us a vital blow.

DUTY

THE very best kind of man and the most useful to his fellows is the man who does what he ought to do.

There is but one cowardice, it is not doing one's duty. There is but one failure, the failure to discharge an obligation. There is but one sin, not doing what we ought.

The biggest word in the language is OUGHT. The man who keeps it bright within him, always visible and always revered, is a real man.

There is so much of the superfluous among us, so much glory in affairs that are none of our business, so much success that is essential treachery, and so much goodness that is but interesting meanness.

It is better to keep your word than to speak pleasantly.

It is better to tell the truth than to lie entertainingly.

It is better to be loyal than to be affectionate.

It is better honestly to earn the wages paid you than to have grand ideas on the labor problem.

It is better to earn your living and take yourself off other people's backs than to be a saint or a genius.

It is better for you, if you are an employer, to give your workers fair wages, and a little more, to treat them with consideration, and to recognize them as human beings than to wring money from them to give to charity.

It is better to be honest toward women than attractive.

It is better for a woman to deceive no man than to win one.

It is better to pay your debts than to give to the poor.

It is better to have a little efficiency than a lot of knowledge.

It is better to do one good act than to speak many good words.

One earned dollar is worth more to you than a thousand given you.

"There are," said Elizabeth Inchbald, "persons who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their own masters; there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors, and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their husbands. We have acts of generosity, self-denial, and honesty

where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues."

Duty is the egg of all goodness.

It is the primordial protoplasm from which all organized excellences develop.

Without it religion is hypocrisy, love is poison, activity useless, kindness cruelty, and every good quality as a red apple full of wormy meat.

THE ONLY WAY

THERE is only one best way for a democracy to do what it has to do. Only one good way, in fact; and all other ways are poor, stupid, and ineffective.

That one way is through the Public Schools.

First, enlarge the schools until they take care of the training of every boy and girl in the United States until the age of twenty-one.

Second, let the schools assume the direction of the youth all the working hours of the day.

And third, modernize the Public School so that it shall train youth for Life and for Citizenship.

Take up these three items. First the Public School should train ALL the children. There are thousands of boys and girls who cannot get a proper education for the reason that they have to work help support the family. This is abominable.

We are the richest nation on the globe. We spent $327,000,000 last year in charities; that is, in endowing colleges, hospitals, and churches. If every cent of this had gone toward getting ALL the children into decent training, the effect would have been infinitely better.

Charity doctors symptoms, a right Public-School system strikes directly at disease.

The South is full of poor whites and negroes who cannot get schooling. Many "charitable" organizations are trying to remedy this. But is this our business or the states' business, the nation's business? The

North has many children, in city slums, in poor country districts, everywhere, who work in factories, assist their parents in piece-work at home, peddle papers in the streets, or in some other way are drafted into "business" when they ought to be learning how to live.

The state should not only provide ALL of these boys and girls with schoolhouses and teachers, but, if necessary, with food and clothing.

It may be said we have no right to interfere with parental privileges, and no right to overburden taxpayers. That is a mistake. There is a greater right than any of these, a greater duty: the right of every child to a square deal, to a decent preparation for life, and the duty of the state to train its young. Before these sovereign obligations all other obligations disappear.

Secondly, children should be under training ALL THE TIME. That means all day and all year. Teachers are needed on the playground even more than in the schoolroom. Children need guidance during the summer vacation as much as in winter. The idea is intelligent supervision and training of all children all the time during adolescence. Nothing short of that will do.

To say this is extravagant is begging the question. Extravagance implies something beyond necessity. The training of youth is a necessity.

And do you realize what it would mean?

It would mean that we would do easily and intelligently a thousand vital things which we now do clumsily and with angry friction.

Every real reform would be quietly accomplished.

Teach every child the truth about school and keep him in temperate environment until he is mature, and your "drink evil will vanish."

Nine-tenths of the abandoned women are enlisted in their fearful life before the age of twenty-one. Get all your girls decently taken care of, and your social evil would be reduced to a minimum.

Criminal gangs in great cities are recruited from boys who grow up in the slums. Cut off the supply.

Give every child a proper education, and capital and labor would cease violence and hate and begin to adjust their relations with some intelligence.

It would clean up politics and render the people capable of managing their own business.

A monarchy may be secure upon an igno-

rant populace. A democracy will crumble. There is only one thing the matter with the United States and with the world. We do not educate all our children. That includes all other faults.

This programme may seem impractical. It is because we are not used to the idea. But let us get it into our minds. Let us resolve never to stop until we shall secure the training of ALL children ALL the time.

We may not secure the things now, but at least let us get the VISION of the thing. For "where there is no vision the people perish."

We are only fooling with education. Our exclusive endowed universities are sickly evasions of our great duty, they are mediæval, wholly inadequate.

Let us train ALL the boys and girls. And let us do it ourselves and not ask the Stand-

ard Oil Company and the Steel Trust to do it for us.

We must do it! Anything else is arrested national development, if not national suicide.

God knows we don't need the toil of these children. Let us take care of them. We must! It is the only way.

THE JOY OF WORK

THE joy of doing one's work is the purest, least diluted, most permanent, divine, and abiding joy of which a human being is capable.

There are other joys that are fiercer, and with these our souls are lured into snares of pain.

The appetites have their pleasures, but behind every one of them stand the dark constables of sorrow. Behind the banqueter stand repletion and disease, gout and dyspepsia; behind the drinker's jovial hour stand folly and excess; behind the crowning moment of desire stand the Cossacks of disgust and remorse ready to charge; behind

pride looms humiliation; behind riches the hollowness of luxury; and behind life itself, and its indulgences, death and the grave.

But behind work, rest; behind all good craftsmanship, unstained satisfaction; behind endeavor, heaven.

If work be a curse of Good inflicted upon mankind for the sin of our first parents, as some theologians have contended, then, as shrewder theologs have reasoned, the curse of God is better than the blessing of men.

But work is no punishment. On the contrary, it is the most redemptive of things.

He who loves work gains all the favors of the gods.

He gets health; for there is no purge nor tonic so efficient to the body as work.

He gets joy, for the most perfect joy of which we are capable is the forthputting of all one's powers.

He gets poise, for in loving labor is the true balance of all our faculties.

He gets dignity, for man never appears nobler than when he is glorified in his work. He gets praise, for the only commendation that does not make us feel sheepish is that bestowed upon us for good work.

He gets fellowship, for there is no companionship so pure and wholesome as that of those who work together at some worthy business.

He gets self-respect, for there is no satisfaction so unalloyed as the consciousness of having done well that which we have undertaken to do.

He gets rest, for work alone brings rest in all its grateful sweetness, such as the idler in his restive hours of inaction cannot understand.

He gets goodness, for it is doubtful if

any virtue at all can be held unspoiled by those whose souls are thrown into no task.

He gets faith, for all belief in the eternal laws of goodness comes from the doers, and all doubt and despair from the triflers and undoers.

So for heaven I imagine no place of everlasting rest, but of eternal youthfulness in labor where "no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame."

Neither do I fancy it as a triumph. For human blessedness is not found in success, but in effort; not in arriving, but in travelling; not in the wages and guerdons of work, but in work itself.

Therefore heaven seems to me as the place

"Where human power and failure
Are equalized forever,
And the great light that haloes all
Is the passionate bright endeavor."

THE ULTIMATE RESOURCE

YOU must have something in your life that does not depend upon anybody else.

If you would have your happiness secure, the root of it must be within yourself.

This is not a doctrine of selfishness, but of self-defense.

Much of our happiness is necessarily bound up with other people; it is the result of our human relationships. Companionship is that which tempers laughter, play, and work, and is the essence itself of love.

Very many of us never get beyond this range of joy. We are incapable of any pleasure that is not communal. We shud-

der at solitude. We flee ourself as the prince of boredom.

But those who would be secure against the shocks of existence, who would feel that they are rooted deep enough to withstand the blasts of time and circumstance, must discover themselves.

They must have some ultimate resource that the world cannot touch.

Some people find this in their vocation. Some in their avocation. Some discover it in the fruits of their imagination. Some find it in religion.

One thing is sure. The strong soul, the hero for whom nothing is tragic, the well-poised life which no untoward event can thrust into panic, is that one who has learned that the deepest supplies upon which the soul feeds, the most inexhaustible and

wholesome supplies, are those that lie within himself.

In the scorn of the world, in isolation, contempt, and hunger, he can turn to fate with a smile and say, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

IF I WERE GOD

THERE is an old epitaph that runs:

"Here lieth David Elginbrod.
Have mercy on him, gracious God,
As he would do if he were God,
And You were David Elginbrod."

Maeterlinck makes the old man in Pelleas and Melisande say, "If I were God, I would have pity on men."

Omar somewhere wishes that he might grasp the sorry scheme of things entire and remould it nearer to his heart's desire.

If you were God, what would you do? Not that you impeach the divine wisdom, criticize the Omnipotent; but what changes would you make in men and things?

If I were God I would enter all men's breasts and take out the will to war.

I would eliminate hate from every heart, and give every one "good-will toward men."

I would make cruelty, fraud, and injustice loathsome to every creature, so that none would do deeds of that kind, nor think such thoughts, any more than he would cut his flesh or eat nauseous stuff.

I would make men's appetite crave only such food as is wholesome for them, and cause them to turn sick when they are about to eat or drink too much.

I would make every man and woman loving and loyal, and have every Jack find his Jill and live happily ever after.

I would allow only enough children to be born to maintain the population to a sufficient number, and have them all live free from disease their allotted span.

I would make death a luxurious and desired experience, when death's time comes.

I would do away with the motives of money, fame, and pride, and make every man's desire be to serve well his fellows.

Every person should receive the same wage, "to every man his penny," and the only emulation should be for superior helpfulness.

I would put in every human soul enough intelligence to control and balance its passion.

I would make every woman beautiful, and as good as beautiful, and all men brave and honest and true.

Every child should be happy and obedient.

I would remove all lions, tigers, snakes, and fierce carnivorous beasts, and would cause human beings to abhor flesh food, so that none should any more kill.

I would have born into every human creature's nature a dominant passion for the good, the true, and the beautiful.

I would have all humanity co-operate and organize for their mutual welfare, each for all and all for each, and take away the lust of contention.

When I read this over I said to myself:

"Why so hot, little man? Perhaps, after all, that is what God is doing, only He is not in so much of a hurry as you. Be still. And wait. For a thousand years are in His sight but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

To which I could make answer in no wise, except in the deep and ancient cry of the Hebrew poet:

"How long, O Lord? How long!"

DUTY

DUTY is the idea by which we rob ourselves of the joy of work.

The pleasure of the soul is self-expression. Self-expression is found perfectly in work. Whoever has discovered his work has come upon the secret of happiness.

That is, provided he does not spoil it all by putting the duty-thought upon it and making it drudgery.

Of course, one should do his duty, and is for it entitled to his reward and praise. It is not that I would rob him of his deserts. It is because he is missing the finest element of his deserts.

Why not call it Privilege, instead of

Duty? The one word connotes a banquet, the other a whip; one the chosen opportunity of a free man, the other the forced labor of a slave.

A soldier goes to war because it is his duty, but the best soldier, the one that gets the inner satisfaction of heroism, is the one who steps forward to volunteer for some enterprise of danger.

It's a wife's duty to take care of her children, to keep the home, and to make her husband happy; but she is not much of a success if a sense of duty is all that moves her, if she has not the inspiration of love that makes a woman glad to be a wife and mother.

Duty is iron; Privilege is golden.

The college boy whom his father compels to go to school, and who has only the feeling of duty to keep him at his books, is not

going to get the good out of his opportunities that the boy gets who is working his way, and looks upon the school as an inestimable Privilege.

Duty, unrelieved, made the hard Puritan.

Duty, alone, makes a faithful clerk. But when it is lit up by a sense of opportunity, and the clerk transforms his duty by his enthusiasm, the first thing you know he owns the business.

Duty is stern; Privilege is joyous.

The great Teacher called on us to take His yoke upon us; but it was a transforming yoke; "Ye shall find rest," He added.

When we put enthusiasm, vim, and interest in anything we have to do, Work becomes Play, Labor becomes Craftsmanship, Duty smiles and is changed to Opportunity.

Duty obeys the Law. Privilege knows no

Law, but operates by Love; and Love is the fulfilling of the Law.

Duty, taken alone, is dead. The joy of doing comes from the emotions. Whatever we do without feeling, whatever is not the forthputting of soul energy, is second-rate. We are artisans, not artists.

Duty is cold. And cold contracts. Duty, alone, makes life wintry and bleak.

Pour love into your work. Let the labor of your hands be the gestures of the soul, and you are carried up to the heights of genius by the exhilaration of the outflowing forces.

What the nation needs is not merely a sense of patriotic Duty, but an overwhelming passion to serve.

No nation is safe without enthusiasm.

Neither can any man go far without it.

THE THINGS NOT SEEN

OVER and above and behind and within the things seen are the things not seen, and they are most important.

So much more vital are they that a great thinker said, "We look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal."

For instance, the house is a thing seen, but a home is a thing unseen; a brain can be seen, a mind is unseen; you can see a mother's face, but not the love behind it, yet it is the latter that affects you; flags are seen, patriotism unseen; and you can see a body, but not a soul, a word, but not an idea, a church, but not God.

Our first crude notion is that the things seen are real and the things not seen are fanciful. We call those who handle stone and wood and meat practical, and those who deal in sentiments and morals, theoretical.

Sometimes we hear one say that he goes in for the tangible goods of this life, such as food, clothes, and money, and he prides himself upon his sound common sense.

But the truth is that what is seen is mostly illusion. The earth seems flat; it is not, it is round. The sun appears to revolve around us, but we revolve around it.

What we call education is but the process of correcting the false ideas we get from things visible by the things invisible. The baby, who can see as well as we, is continually bumping himself against the things seen until he learns how to use his judgment, reason, and other unseen faculties.

It is the unseen things that matter. So true is this that the Hindu philosophers speak of all the things we see as Maya or Illusion.

Behind every tangible thing look for the intangible, which is more solid and essential. For it is not lust you need, but love; not money, but abundance, which is a spiritual substance; not clothes, but self-expression; not bread, but truth; not beautiful objects, but a mind that can see beauty anywhere; not an amulet, but courage; not wine, but health and enthusiasm.

Why are you unhappy? Because you are hungry. You put material food every day into your stomach and you drink water, but you do not draw into your inner man, into your real self, the boundless supplies of the Infinite. Love, joy, peace, mirth, and all the good vital forces are about you, as the

atmosphere is about you, but your spirit's mouth is shut tight, because you are stupid and vain, and think you are clever, in that you will only believe what you see.

If you would be happy, come, buy without money and without price; eat and let your soul delight itself in fatness, for the infinite storehouse is yours, and the humblest soul may revel in its unseen treasures.

CONFUSION

EVERY evil is but confusion.

What strikes you when talking with a criminal is his jumbled vision. He has lost all sense of proportion. He imagines the most absurd things to be worth while.

Alcohol is the chief of crime-breeders because it befogs the mind.

The best man is the man who sees most clearly.

Ignorance is not absence of knowledge. The lout knows as much as the savant; only his facts are pell-mell, his information is litter. Having no mental order, he has no force. The ignorant mind is not a blank, it is a dump-heap.

Disease is confusion. Good health is the harmony of all one's organs. Pain is physical mutiny, riot, and conflagration among the cells. When the liver, pancreas, stomach, nerves, and the rest keep step, and march along sweetly by companies to the music of cheerful thoughts, you are well; you are ill when they break ranks and become a mob.

Insanity is mental confusion.

Morbidity, despair, self-pity, and all the doltish doldrums of the mind are indications of undisciplined thought.

What we call sin is but confusion of desires. The commanding captains, wisdom, will, and principle, have abdicated. The soldiers are given over to looting.

Love is order. It is a sort of superwisdom, a divine wisdom, feeling what the intelligence cannot reach.

Love correlates, adjusts all things. It diagnoses accurately.

It sees far ahead, even to eternity. It is not blinded by the present. It is not hampered and deceived by experience.

Love estimates truly, sees relative values, apprehends essentials.

Jealousy, hate, estrangement, are blind. They stumble. They do not see facts, but butt their heads against them, for they grope in the dark. Success, in a real sense, never comes save as the result of seeing clearly what we want.

If you are confused, do nothing. Wait until the storms blow over.

Goodness is clarity of heart. Wisdom is clarity of mind. Happiness is clarity of soul.

Faith, hope, and clarity, these three—but the greatest of these is clarity.

WHEN GEORGE BARRERE PLAYED THE FLUTE

I WENT to a concert the other day given by the Trio de Lutece. They consisted of three musicians. One played the harp, another played the 'cello—

And George Barrere played the flute.

Do you know who George Barrere is? Well, he is one of those persons who can do something better than anybody else in the world can do it. When you hear of that sort of a man he is worth going miles to see, whether the thing he does be laying brick, painting a picture, or aught else.

There is something about mastery that stirs one to the depths. Just to witness a thing, anything, done with consummate per-

fection, somehow arouses all the hero feeling in you. It makes you feel great and divine yourself, for a moment.

The master is the thousandth man, maybe the ten-thousandth man.

The master man is the greatest of earth's spectacles, more imposing than Niagara Falls or the Woolworth Building.

The flute is not considered a dominant instrument. It has rather a humble place in orchestration. And individually the fiddle is more of a vehicle for virtuosity. The horn has been more interpretative of our rampant passions on the hunting field, whether hunting foxes or fellow-men.

The flute is the violet in the nosegay of music-making instruments. It is modest, delicate, unobtrusive as a sweet young girl.

And when George Barrere plays the flute it is more than that. It is a fairy piping in

the moonlight. It is an elf calling in the woodland. It is the voice of some little other-world creature, a bodiless plaint, a bit of heart-break embroidered with fanciful ecstasy.

When he plays you hear no whistling and wind-jamming, none of the little mannerisms that ordinarily make flute-playing a trifle unpleasant. The soul of ethereal melody steals out, pure, rounded, velvet, exquisite. It is as if a timid star of the sky had become vocal and was telling you all the things you had wondered it meant.

You get a curious impression. The man looks like a professor of Greek in some Wesleyan university. He is no curly musician type. He has no preenings nor professional tricks.

He just takes up his silver flute and straightway his spirit enters into it, and you

understand how the Deity "breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul."

It is all smooth and equal. The high notes do not shriek nor the low ones sound windy: one is as mellow as another, and the lower tones have almost that peculiar human timbre of the 'cello.

An hour or so we sat in the theatre, right off the busy street, and we heard wondrous things, pixies dancing in the moonbeams on the midnight greensward, vanished souls calling back in tenuous fragments of mystery, little angels practising sonatinas for some heaven concert, vague thoughts becoming embodied in melody, the intimate loveliness of life's hidden hopes, the imperial beauty of death and after, all transmuted into lacework and filmy thread.

When George Barrere played the flute.

THE SMOKER

I AM perfectly aware that I am taking my life in my hand, but I want to say a few things in favor of smokers.

Let us grant that smoking is indefensible. It is bad for the culprit himself and offensive to those that get within the zone of his penumbra. He shouldn't smoke. It is naughty.

The human race, however, is composed of all sorts of tastes, habits, and beliefs. Almost everybody is disapproved of by everybody else.

Our sins and iniquities are of great assortment. The worst are those which other people enjoy. Our own are not so bad.

And the problem of governing a city is not to compel all the people to have the particular sins or sinlessness of one class, but to let every one do pretty much as he pleases, so long as he does not unduly annoy others with the friskiness of his liberty.

Some people smoke. It is not approved of by the foremost regulators; but still they do it.

The smokers, reprehensible as they may be, are usually law-abiding and peaceable folk; indeed, one effect of the weed is to calm the disturbed spirit. They work right along at their jobs just like non-smokers.

Death, disease, and destruction may be gaping for them, but one of the main planks in the platform of a free country is to allow the individual to go to the bow-wows by his own chosen toboggan slide.

The worst of tyrannies is moral tyranny. Smoking may be bad, but it is not so bad as prohibiting smoking by law. Commendable as it may be for people to go to church, eat with a fork, and shave off their whiskers, we don't want laws to compel these things.

ANDORRA

THERE are moods wherein we want to go to Andorra. There are people who naturally long for, are natural citizens of, Andorra, though they never heard of the place.

It is composed of people "the world forgetting, of the world forgot." It has no dealings with other countries, no ambassadors, no foreign relations, no policy except to mind its own business and to wish the habitants of other countries to mind their and keep away.

It is not a land of fancy, it is not an Alice-in-Wonderland place. It actually exists. You can go there—by mule, however for no railroad runs to it, not even a wagon road.

It is hidden up in the Pyrenees Mountains, between France and Spain. It is some eighteen miles long and sixteen miles wide, and has about five thousand inhabitants.

It is more than a thousand years old, and in all that time the customs of the people have changed but little.

It has never been famed for anything. Its people have no ambition, no desire, no progress, welcome no strangers, and do not hunger for knowledge. They are ignorant, and glad of it.

It is a republic in the sense that it has not much of any government at all, almost approaching that condition of the ancient Jews when in the era of the Judges "every man did what was right in his own eyes." There is no king, no nobility, no classes, social or legal.

The president is a farmer who works for

a living, and whose official salary is ten dollars a year.

They have no police. Anybody can arrest you if you disturb the peace.

They have never produced any literature, art, music, or science. They use only the tools of their ancestors. They want no change, and any one who tries to improve conditions is looked upon as mentally unbalanced.

One enterprising citizen, who had travelled in France, built a hotel by a fine spring, but as nobody visited it, and as there are few travellers who penetrate the country, it closed its doors. The only hotel they have now is used also as schoolhouse, jail, town hall, and court-house.

Outlandish as the place is, it is really a symbol of the goal of many souls, of all souls at certain times, when we sigh for "a lodge

in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade."

Thousands of people, for instance, look forward to a heaven which they imagine to be a kind of everlasting celestial Andorra, where nobody does anything nor wants anything, where we never will be pestered by improvement, but will sit in the shade and drink some forgetful draught forever and ever; amen.

There are times when existence irks, and we ask nothing better than to cease to be. We want to quit, to be forgotten. We cry:

"O Jesu, Jesu, make my bed,
And tenderly tuck the sod;
Draw the green grass coverlet over my head,
And forget to tell my God!"

We are angry at the mother who bore us. Our grievance against the world is that we exist.

There's a strong streak of Hamlet in us. "Who would these fardels bear," who would not "shuffle off this mortal coil," did he not fear to exchange his sad lot here for a sadder hereafter?

To all, therefore, who have this kind of mulligrubs, and would like to go way, way off somewhere and crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after them, we recommend Andorra, where there is no Roosevelt or Billy Sunday, no colleges to make you want to get on, no millionaires to excite your envy, no war, no business, no society—just nothing.

THE FOOL

A FOOL is one who has no feeling of the future.

He is not a criminal; he is a child. It is not evil that ails him; it is arrested development.

The child wants everything now. To-morrow is vague to him, and has no appeal. He wants to stuff himself with green apples, and refuses to consider the consequent gripes.

And the gentleman in the dress-shirt who says he "wants what he wants when he wants it" is nothing but a child. When a child grows up, and doesn't grow up, he is called a fool.

The best part of any one's life is the future. It is that which determines the quality of the present, and gives significance to the past. Tomorrow is the sky of today, and it is the sky that gives light and beauty and warmth to the earth.

Happy people live in the future, really happy people. Hope is a much more dominant factor in the joy of life than gratification.

In the old question they used to debate in the high school: "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in possession." The affirmative has it.

The fool slaughters the goose to get the golden egg. Hence continual boredom.

Pessimism is kept active by fools. For the man who never takes care for the future naturally does not look forward to it.

The secret of the wise-heartcd is: "Look

out for tomorrow, and today will look out for itself."

The standard fool was Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The streets of the city are full of his descendants, girls buying months and years of wretchedness for an hour of smiles and preening, boys buying floods of shame and failure for a few bottles of passion.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die"—you flatter yourself; tomorrow you will live, which is worse than death.

Tomorrow is the best counsellor, the truest friend.

Whoever walks and talks with him will get the most out of today.

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength," said a sage. The name of that range of hills is tomorrow.

The fool's creed is:

"I believe in Now. I believe appetites were made to be gratified and not to be controlled. I believe in having a good time, for I'll never be young but once. I believe in mortgaging every acre of the future and using the money now. I believe in picking all the blossoms and never caring for the fruit. I believe in looking out for number one. I believe in other people being thrifty, self-restrained, and temperate, for my benefit. I believe in luck. I believe no one ever really got on by hard work, but that success is a throw of the dice. I believe the rich are happy. I believe I do not need advice. I believe in always being kind, thoughtful, liberal, and charitable—to myself."

TRAVEL

EVERYBODY, except a few million who have to stay at home and hold their jobs, goes away for the summer.

Those who live east go west, to see the Rockies and the Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canyon. Those who live west go east to see the Bunker Hill Monument and the Woolworth Building, and the electric signs on Broadway.

Thousands go abroad. They see Europe in ten days, personally conducted. They have returned tired, happy, penniless, with satchels full of postal cards.

Mankind has never travelled so much nor poorly. We go too fast and too easily.

When Hawthorne or when Dickens went to Rome, it was upon a stage-coach; they voyaged leisurely, and had adventures by the way. It took them days and days to work their way from Paris, down the Rhine, through Switzerland, by the enchanting towns of northern Italy, through Florence, Siena, Orvieto, until at last they caught sight of the dome of St. Peter's, "floating like a bubble above the worship of the city."

But nowadays you are jammed into a compartment of the North-South express, whizzed along between processions of telegraph-poles, whirled through mountains and marvels at lightning speed, and at last, with a roar, slam, bang, and screech, landed in the Rome grand central station, pushed into a motor bus, and dumped into the Grand Hotel, where every surrounding thing, from the splendiferous head waiter to the breath-

less call-boy, is just as it was in the grand hotels at Paris or New York, and you feel you might as well have remained at home.

Most Americans abroad want to "do" places they have heard of. The only reason for seeing Carcassonne seems to be that we can say we "have done" it. I met an iron-maker's family once in Florence; they had arrived, with a professional guide, that morning; in twenty-four hours they had "done" all the doable things, from the Fiesole view to the Uffizi Gallery.

It's grand to talk about afterwards. But it's a fool way to travel.

The only way to see a foreign country is to lose yourself in it; to loaf and invite your soul; to get away from the beaten lines of travel and plunge into the heart of the native people.

And walk. With a sturdy applestick in

your hand and a sandwich in your pocket, you can see more in a day's tramp through the Black Forest or the Engadine than you can see in a week's personally conducted racing.

Travel where you will, the picturesque, the wonderful, the worth-seeing remains after all in you. If you have no childlike wonder capacity, why leave home? There are candy merchants at the Pyramids, factories all around Niagara, hotel-keepers in frock coats at Lucerne. Civilization has steam-rollered the picturesque out of existence—unless perchance you have it in your heart.

THE BOY OR GIRL THAT QUITS SCHOOL

DON'T hustle. Think!

An ounce of intelligent getting ready is worth a pound of fussing.

Time spent in sharpening your axe counts as ten times of hacking and hewing.

It is certainly worth while to take aim before you shoot.

There is some good in keeping everlastingly at it, but a deal of humbug, too.

If you're doing a thing wrong, the more everlastingly you keep at it the worse you're off.

Nine-tenths of efficiency is preparedness.

If you are a boy, go through school. I have met thousands of men in my time; I

never knew one to say he was sorry he went to school; I never knew one who had failed to finish his schooling that did not say he was sorry for it.

Of all fools on earth the boy who will not take an education when he has a chance is the most sickening. He is deliberately handicapping himself in a race where he needs every advantage.

He is giving the other fellows odds when he needs for himself all the favorable conditions he can get.

He is laying up many an hour of humiliation for himself, days of regret, nights of bitter self-accusation.

He is pitting his immature judgment against the accumulated experience and wisdom of the whole human race.

He is indulging in weakness or laziness that he will pay for a hundred times over.

He is selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

He is laying up shame and pain for all who are unfortunate enough to love him.

He is an ass.

He is a monumental, three-star, prize, blue-ribbon, exhibition ass.

He is an ass of the longest-eared and palest gray variety.

God help him, for he won't let anybody else!

If these few feeble remarks shall jolt any youth into a realization of the colossal mistake he is making in quitting school, I shall be happy.

We are opposed to corporal punishment and to all forms of violence; but if there is any one thing that makes us want to use a large, bumpy, hickory club; it is the boy or girl that will not go to school.

Of course some people have achieved success who never had any schooling. True. Some people also have got rich or famous who had but one leg or were blind. Shall we therefore lop off a leg or put out one eye?

THE DHAMMAPADA

MORE people delight in proverbs than one would suppose. You will be surprised to find how many persons copy in their commonplace book, or hang upon their wall by the mirror or over the desk, certain pithy apothegms that strike their fancy.

For their benefit let me here give some sayings that are found in the Dhammapada, or Verses of Teaching. They represent pretty faithfully the doctrine of Buddha, but their high ethical value will be appreciated by the West.

It may be well for us to chew these Oriental bits of wisdom thoughtfully, and we may, so doing, realize what has been said

of them, "a little thereof saves from much sorrow."

According to Buddha, the sources of sorrow are three: craving, ill-will (or hate), and delusion (or ignorance).

As rain gets into an ill-thatched house, so craving gets into an ill-trained mind.

If a man hates, "suffering follows him close, as the wheel follows the hoof of the beast that draws the cart."

"If a man talks much about the truth, but acts not in accordance with it, he is but little better than the cowherd who counts the cattle of others." What more striking picture have you seen than this, of the dilettante who is as one that counts other people's cattle?

"The man who is vigilant over himself makes to himself an island that no flood can overwhelm."

"The one who has attained self-mastery has ascended the tower of wisdom, whence he looks down, free from sorrow, upon the sorrow-laden race of mankind."

Those who attain the secret of life, according to Buddha, do not attain it by knowledge, but by what is called the awakening. Coming from ignorance to wisdom is like waking from sleep and dreams to reality.

"A guarded mind brings happiness."

"The mind is seated in the hollow of the heart." Perhaps this means that there is no real intelligent perception without love.

"To the mind accustomed to delusion the truth is unpleasant and fearsome, even as a fish quivers and throbs when thrown up out of the water on the land."

The influence of one's mind is compared to the fragrance of flowers. "The fragrance

of flowers, of sandal, or incense, or jasmine, is not wafted against the wind; but the fragrance of wisdom is wafted against the wind."

"If on a journey you can find no one better than nor equal to yourself, then go your way alone. A fool is no company."

"Riches are mine, thinks the fool. But a man that does not know himself, much less can he know riches."

"Though a fool meet wise men and hear wisdom his whole life long, yet he remains ignorant of the truth, as a spoon of the flavor of soup."

"Look upon him who makes you see your defects as upon one who points you out a treasure."

"Be it village or forest, on land or sea, where the noble mind dwells is the place to be."

The teaching of the Buddha, says Silacara, is summed up in a famous stanza as simply that "everything in the world comes into existence from some cause, and with the ceasing of that cause the thing ceases." The hearing of this stanza was the occasion of the conversion of one of the Buddha's most famous disciples. Apparently simple, almost to the point of banality, as this statement is, yet the unreserved acceptance of its truth leads to what is called The Truth Supreme, which is that "everything that exists is conditioned and dependent."

THE SPIRITUAL VALUE OF PICKING UP AFTER ONE'S SELF

THERE are still, let us hope, some old-fashioned people left who are anxious to save their children's souls. That is, while they would like them to Get On and Get Rich and Be Prominent, they would much more like them to Be Clean, Strong, Honest, and Happy.

The latter class includes the Saved; the former most of the Damned.

And to such parents, of wholesome and sane mind, I would say:

If you want to save your child's soul, teach him to wait on himself and to pick up after himself.

There is no one thing in this world more

destructive to Christianity—nay, I will go further and say more destructive to the spirit of humanity—than being waited on and picked up after.

The very essence of that sweetness and light which constitute the shine of greater souls is the indwelling desire to be of help to others.

And, conversely, the very core and gist of that devil-spirit that makes about all the trouble on earth is the desire to have others help me.

This baneful desire takes many forms and has many names. It is called Selfishness, and disrupts families. It is called Thoughtfulness, and severs friends. It is called Pride, and Stubbornness, and causes wars. It is called Greed, and works all manner of tort and cruelty. It is called Vanity, and tramples on every graceful flower of life.

It is called Ambition, and sacrifices on its bloody high altar every dove and lamb of human contentment.

But under whatever masquerade it goes it is always the same constant desire to have somebody else do things for me and to avoid doing things for somebody else.

The laws of the spirit are as unerring and inevitable as the laws of matter, and the effect follows cause in the soul's business with as steely precision as two and two make four, or fire and gunpowder make explosion. And the persistent aim to make other people minister to me will bring me sorrow and dryness of soul, and the dominant wish to minister to others will bring peace and deep joy in life, just as surely as any logical sequence in mathematics.

Hence, begin early, if you care for your child's life.

No matter how rich you are, nor how many servants you can afford, teach your boy, as soon as he is able to learn, how to be sufficient for his own physical needs; how to dress himself, polish his own shoes, keep his own nails clean, take his own bath, sew on his own buttons, empty his own slops, keep his own room and bureau-drawer in order, hang up his own clothes, pick up his own playthings, and never leave dirt or confusion after him.

Let your little girl learn, at the very earliest age, how to brush her own hair, to care for her own linen, to mend her own frocks, to darn her own stockings, and to cook her own food as far as practicable.

Real Christianity and real democracy amount to the same thing, and that thing is: To keep yourself off other people's backs.

If we had learned that we would have

no spoiled and rotten Smart Set whose concern is Clothes, Amusement, Sex-Excitement, and Intoxication.

If we had learned that we would have no Endowed Class, consisting of useless leeches living on the blood of workers.

We would have no kings, nobles, millionaires, and aristocrats, nor any of that class of Magnificent Ones from whom flow the never-ending streams of oppression, fraud, wretchedness, poverty, and war that make this fair green earth a stinking Gehenna.

If you want, most of all, your boy to be Famous or Rich, you needn't bother. But if you want him to be a Man, a joy to himself and to all that shall have to do with him, teach him only to be of as little trouble as possible to servants, parents, and playmates.

If you want your daughter to get the

best price for herself in the market of adulation, it doesn't matter. But if you wish her to be a ceaseless source of love and strength to herself and to all hearts that shall touch hers, teach her "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

THE MORNING STAR

EVERY man's career is a continued struggle of the two natures in us, the angel and the brute. Everybody is more or less of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

There may be some rare natures, such as Charles Kingsley calls "natural kingdom-of-heavenites," who always want to do the thing they ought to do, but they are scarce indeed.

The first thing to do, therefore, is to recognize that all decent life must be in terms of conflict. Because you feel this unceasing war within you is no sign that you are "bad," or selfish, or meaner than other people. You are simply human. You might

as well complain that you do not have three hands, or that you do not possess supernatural powers of vision or hearing, as to complain that your inclination does not always agree with your duty.

Having recognized this fact, don't worry over it. Don't grow morbid. Don't call yourself names. Don't develop self-contempt. And above all, don't get into the mire of self-pity.

It's a fight. You have to make it. Go to it gayly, with high courage, and with gladness that you are disposed to fight and sure to win.

You can dodge the fight by yielding to your lower nature. As Oscar Wilde said, "The easiest way to get rid of temptation is to yield." But you know the nasty side to that. It means a weak, flabby, unclean mind, a spirit that must loathe itself.

But you can be just as comfortable as the sensualist if you make up your mind that you will do what is right every time, no matter how you feel. That will not give you the same kind of pleasure that the self-indulgent have, but a better kind.

For there are two sorts of enjoyment: one, that of yielding; the other, that of overcoming. And it is the overcomer that gets the crown of life. His is the morning star.

For instance, there is pleasure in lying in bed, in eating and drinking, in gratifying the various cravings of the body, in reading books that divert you and require no mental effort, in going to the theatre, in being flattered, praised, complimented, loved. In all these things your pleasure is passive.

There is pleasure, on the other hand, in

exercise, in going without food and drink for another's sake, in denying the body's demands so as to satisfy the wants of your intelligence, of pleasing your conscience by trampling on an appetite, of intellectual exertion, of discipline, and the like.

All these are the solider kind of joys. They are better than the soft kind, because they last longer, they strengthen your mind and body, they make your tastes finer, your whole enjoyment of life keener, your range of delights wider, and altogether you get a deal more fun out of living.

The latter joys are just as "selfish" as the former. But an intelligent selfishness is unselfish. He that saveth his life shall lose it.

Scientifically speaking, overcoming makes development, yielding leads to decay, the destruction of the organism.

Religiously speaking, all you have to do

to go to hell is to do nothing at all. The wind blows that way. Just do as you please, don't resist, gratify all desires, never mind conscience, and hell will be along pretty soon.

Heaven is up hill all the way. But it's keen and bracing exercise. It means a healthier body, livelier mind, and happier spirit every day.

And, at the top of the hill, you get the Morning Star.